


James Finlayson,
Man of Destiny

by

Margaret Finlayson Maxwell

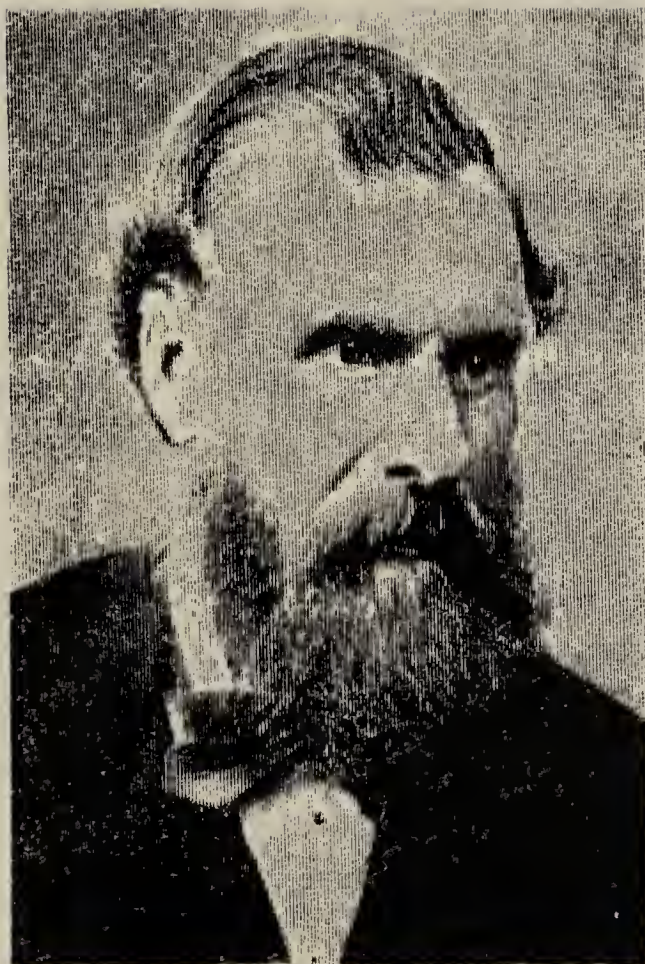


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Allen County Public Library Genealogy Center

James Finlayson, Man of Destiny

by

Margaret Finlayson Maxwell



James Finlayson, 1830 - 1900

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF JAMES FINLAYSON

- October 16, 1830: Born in Parish of Inverkeillor, Forfar County, Scotland.
- August 2, 1850: Baptized a member of Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Dundee, Scotland.
- December 14, 1851: Ordained a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood, Glasgow.
- August 13, 1852: Married Jane Malcolm Wand, Glasgow.
- September 18, 1853: Ordained a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood, Glasgow.
- January 21, 1855: Sailed from Liverpool to America.
- February 18, 1855: Arrived in New York Harbor.
- February 3, 1858: Jane Malcolm Wand died, St. Louis.
- June 1, 1859: Married Mary Ada Alexander, Florence, Nebr. Terr.
- June 12, 1859: Started from Florence across the plains to Salt Lake City.
- August 29, 1859: Arrived in Salt Lake City.
- September 30, 1859: He and Mary Ada rebaptized members of the church.
- December, 1859: Ordained a Seventy in Salt Lake City.
- May 24, 1860: His son, Frederick James Finlayson, born.
- July 11, 1860: He and Mary Ada Alexander sealed in Salt Lake Endowment House.
- May, 1862: Moved to Payson, Utah.
- August 14, 1862: George Alexander Finlayson born.
- January 18, 1865: Mary Ada Finlayson born; died April 21, 1866.
- January 22, 1866: Elected to school board; held this office until 1874.
- May 20, 1867: Frank Fuller Finlayson born.
- February, 1869: Elected Alderman and Justice of the Peace; held this office until 1880.
- July 4, 1869: Lisle Sara Finlayson born, afterward known as Lisle Leigh.
- 1870: Drew up plans for Payson City Hall and Payson LDS Tabernacle.
- September 19, 1871: Mary Ada Alexander Finlayson died in San Francisco.
- August 11, 1873: Married Sarah Clifford in Salt Lake Endowment House.
- June 12, 1874: Rosabella Finlayson born; died March 30, 1876.
- November 13, 1876: Laura Ann Finlayson born.
- March 4, 1878: Alice Mary Finlayson born.
- October 8, 1879: James Henry Finlayson born.
- April 9, 1880: Set apart for a mission to Scotland.
- September 21, 1881: Returned from his mission.
- September, 1881: Became superintendent of Payson Flour Mill.
- June 15, 1882: Mary Rosetta Finlayson born; died October 24, 1882.
- February 12, 1883: Elected Mayor of Payson; held office two terms, until 1887.
- November 25, 1883: William John Finlayson born.
- December 24, 1885: Jesse David Finlayson born.
- April 16, 1888: Harvey Leo Finlayson born; died June 15, 1888.
- April 9, 1889: Louis and Louie Finlayson born; twins. Louis died February 3, 1890; Louie died March 8, 1890.
- January 23, 1891: Maggie Finlayson born.
- October 21, 1892: Roxie Eliza Finlayson born.
- May 7, 1893: Ordained a High Priest.
- December 19, 1908: James Finlayson died in Payson.

DEDICATION

On November 7, 1903, George Finlayson, James Finlayson's second oldest son, was killed in an industrial accident. He left four children, the youngest less than two months old. This baby was my father, Frank Emerson Finlayson.

Some years ago, I became curious to know something about my grandfather, George Finlayson. I began to ask my father questions, and was surprised to discover that he knew little about his father's life. This started me on a search for facts that ultimately led to my writing a biography of George Finlayson.

While I was gathering material about my grandfather, I collected quite a large body of information about his father, my great grandfather, James Finlayson. And as this information accumulated, I came to realize that my task as historian would not be completed until I had set down the life of this remarkable man. This I have done on the following pages.

I dedicate this work, with admiration and love, to my father, Frank Emerson Finlayson, grandson of James Finlayson, who first sparked the curiosity that had its final result in this story of Jame Finlayson, Man of Destiny.

Margaret Finlayson Maxwell
Upper Iowa University
Fayette, Iowa

Table of Contents

I	Prelude: Pilgrimage, May, 1956	p. 1
II	Early years in Scotland	p. 1
III	The Young Scottish Immigrant	p. 5
IV	A Second Marriage, and the "Gathering"	p. 6
V	First years in Utah	p. 9
VI	Early years in Payson	p. 10
VII	Mary Ada	p. 12
VIII	Sarah Clifford	p. 15
IX	Mission to Scotland	p. 15
X	Later years in Payson	p. 17
XI	Final years: James Finlayson, family man	p. 18

James Finlayson, Man of Destiny

CHAPTER I

PRELUDE: PILGRIMAGE, MAY, 1956

The spring afternoon was warm, and heavy with the fragrance of apple blossoms and new grass. At last we were in Scotland, home of our ancestors. My husband LeGrand and I caught the train for Dundee at 2:30 in the afternoon, and began the journey to the early home of my great-grandfather, James Finlayson. We had to run several blocks at Dundee to another station, suitcases in hand, to make connections for Arbroath, Angusshire, the nearest point to our destination. From Dundee the railroad track lay along the shores of the North Sea, which was grey and choppy with whitecaps in the stiff wind that was blowing.

We reached Arbroath, chief city in the area, and a substantial looking old stone town, about 5:30 P. M., and took a bus to Friockheim (pronounced Free-cum), our destination, from there. And in a matter of a half hour or so, we found ourselves dumped out on a long, totally deserted street, Gardyne Street, the main street, such as it is, in Friockheim. It is a main street such as I have never seen before, with stone houses aged to the common greyness of centuries, huddled together as close as they could come, but only on the left side of the street. On the other side of the street we could look for miles and see nothing but well cultivated, ploughed fields. The rest of the village of Friockheim lies behind the houses on Gardyne Street.

After we had established ourselves at one of Friockheim's two tiny "hotels," we decided that we would walk out to see the countryside. In May, it doesn't begin to get dark until 9:30 in the evening, and even at ten P. M. it is still fairly light. so we knew we'd have time for pictures if we left right away. So off we went, on a hunt for the Kinnell Parish Church (Presbyterian) where we thought James Finlayson probably worshipped as a young man. We were told that the church was only a mile from the village, but it turned out to be the longest mile we had ever experienced. We left the village behind very quickly, and struck out along a straight country road leading to Inverkeilor, birthplace of James Finlayson. We braced ourselves against a gale which blew against us the whole of our walk, and struggled on. At last, far in the distance, all by itself on a little hill in the fields, we could see a brown stone church warm and glowing in the setting sun, with its manse (parsonage) in front of it. We climbed the hill and found ourselves in the church graveyard. neatly trimmed and well kept up, but

quite deserted, and with no recent headstones to be seen, and, alas, with no Finlayson headstones in view. So we went down the hill again to the manse, and talked to the old retired minister, Mr. A. Moffatt, and his wife, who were living there. We learned that the Kinnell Parish Church has been inactive for many years and that the congregation that once went there has been combined with the one in Friockheim. However, in James Finlayson's youth, the Kinnell Parish Church had an active congregation. We also learned that the Finlaysons were not buried here, but in the Friockheim cemetery. So after a pleasant half hour of conversation, we marched back the same way we had come, over the old stone Kinnell Bridge, through pastures on either side of the road full of very suspicious and very ferocious looking bulls, back to the village, silent and deserted as if it were bewitched, as if it were waiting for young James to come home again, waiting patiently, changelessly, over the years since 1830 . . .

CHAPTER II

EARLY YEARS IN SCOTLAND

If you will consult a map of Scotland, you will see, between the seacoast towns of Arbroath and Montrose (Angus) a slight indentation in the shoreline. This is the Bay of Lunan, into which pour the Waters of Lunan. A beautiful, melodious name is Lunan, full of romantic associations from centuries of history, and wild and picturesque today much as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century. Here the grey sea roars up to jutting cliffs of the Bay. Here we can still see, near the mouth of Lunan Water, the imposing walls of Lunan House, and on rising ground, to the west of Lunan Water, stands the crumbling remains of an old castle, built of red sandstone, and appropriately named Red Castle. These ruins date from the twelfth century, and the castle is supposed to have been the favorite residence of William the Lion, King of Scotland at that time. As we look across Lunan Water to the castle, we can still see a quadrangular tower and some dilapidated walls, boldly cresting the green mound on which they are perched.

Here, sometime between 1740 and 1744, George and Ann Gowans Finlayson came from Panbride, about twenty miles down the coast, to live in the little town of Inverkeilor on Lunan Bay. We know nothing about the life of George and Ann Finlayson; they may have been fisher folk, for this area at the time was known for fine fishing. Here in Inverkeilor in the years between 1744 and 1830 were born four generations of Finlaysons; here three of the four generations grew to adulthood, married, had children, toiled, worshipped the stern God of the Scottish Presbyterian

Kirk, knew joy and sorrow, lived, died, and were laid to rest in the Kirkyard. Then the Finlaysons left Inverkeilor--but that is part of our story.



James Finlayson, Sr. 1806-1870
Elizabeth Matthewson 1803-1873

James Finlayson, Sr., and Elizabeth Matthewson grew up together in Inverkeilor in the early years of the nineteenth century. Elizabeth lived in an area of the parish of Inverkeilor called Millfield. In 1829, when James was twenty-three years old and Elizabeth was twenty-six, they were married and came to live in Millfield. The next year, on October 16, 1830, while they were still in Millfield, their first child was born, a boy, whom they named James after his father and grandfather.

James Finlayson, Sr., was mechanically minded. Shortly after the birth of his first son, he and his wife moved to another house, called March of Lunanbank, in the same town, where he set himself up in business as a manufacturer of oatmeal mills, machinery, and also as a general carpenter. He was thrifty, ambitious, and hard working, and he prospered in his business, so much so that he was able to employ a number of mechanics to work for him.

This was the family into which little James was born. He soon had a number of brothers and sisters to keep him company. A brother, George, was born in 1832, to be followed at intervals of two years by David, Jane, William, Barbara, and Ann. Finally John was born in 1847, when James, the eldest, was almost seventeen years old.

Little James, to the delight of his father, loved to work with his hands. and from the time he was old enough to toddle about, he followed his father. Nothing made the little boy happier than to be taken to his father's machine shop to watch his father and the apprentices at work, building wonderful things from wood and metal. When he was seven, as was the custom in Scotland, he was "pensioned out," or apprenticed, to one of the millwrights in Chapelton, where he helped out around the shop, gradually becoming more

and more skilled with his hands and being allowed to do more things in the shop. His schooling at the parish school was irregular and informal, probably squeezed in during less busy seasons when his help was not needed at the shop. He tells us in his missionary notebook that he "went to school to Mr. T. Thompson, Chapelton," from June 28th, 1842 to May 26, 1843.

James served his apprenticeship as a millwright for seven years, and when he completed this, at the age of fourteen, he went to work full time in his father's shop, learning his father's trade, and working with his father's apprentices for the usual sunup to sundown day, six days a week.

James and Elizabeth Finlayson were devout Scottish Presbyterians, and they brought their family up in this faith. They read the Bible daily with their family, and encouraged each of their children to read the Good Book. Sunday was a day of rest most rigidly devoted to worship and avoidance of light-mindedness--and such a long day it was for active little children. The Sabbath lasted from Saturday at six o'clock until Sunday at the same hour, and during that time, any unnecessary work was frowned upon, so Sabbath preparations must be made on Saturday. Mrs. Finlayson did all the cooking for Sunday on Saturday.

Young James's Saturday job was to shine the shoes of every member of the family so they would be ready for Sunday. One Saturday, he was in a hurry, so he lined the shoes up in a row on the kitchen floor, and carefully polished only the toes of the shoes. It wasn't long before his keen-eyed father noticed what he had done. "James!" he called. "What's this?"

"Oh, Father," said James, "I can only see the front of my shoes. So why polish the backs?"

Father Finlayson said not a word, but taking his small son by the arm, he marched him out of the house and down to the village. "Look," he said, motioning to the people passing in front of them. "Can you see more than the front of their shoes? Now get yourself home and finish your job!"

Long services in the Kirk occupied most of Sunday morning and afternoon, with the Minister droning on and on endlessly, expounding on the Discipline and fine points of the Scriptures. While a line of starched and cleaned little Finlayson children squirmed miserably in their Sunday best clothes on hard, straight-backed pews, with Mother and Father staring disapprovingly down on them from either end of the row. The Finlaysons never thought of missing services, but if they had been so inclined, some of the Elders of the Church made the rounds of the village during church time to see who was absent from the meeting, and punishment would

follow such infractions.

James, the eldest son, was a serious minded lad, who drank in the words of the minister and read his Bible with a thirst for the truth and a searching mind. But as he grew to young manhood, he found himself wondering about some of the hard teachings of the Kirk. Yes, God was a harsh God, a stern God, who expected perfection from His children here, and who frowned on Sabbath breaking, and even on fun, and perhaps that was right, but what about this business of predestination? Why were some souls destined to go straight to Hell, no matter what their actions here on earth, and why were some predestined for Heaven in the same way? He knew what the Discipline said about it, and he could recite the complicated series of reasons for this teaching, but somehow it didn't seem right. He tried to talk to his father about it, but his father grew angry. How dare a boy of only eighteen question the teachings of the Kirk? So James kept his thoughts to himself, but a shadow had come between father and son as they worked together in the millwright shop in Inverkeilor.

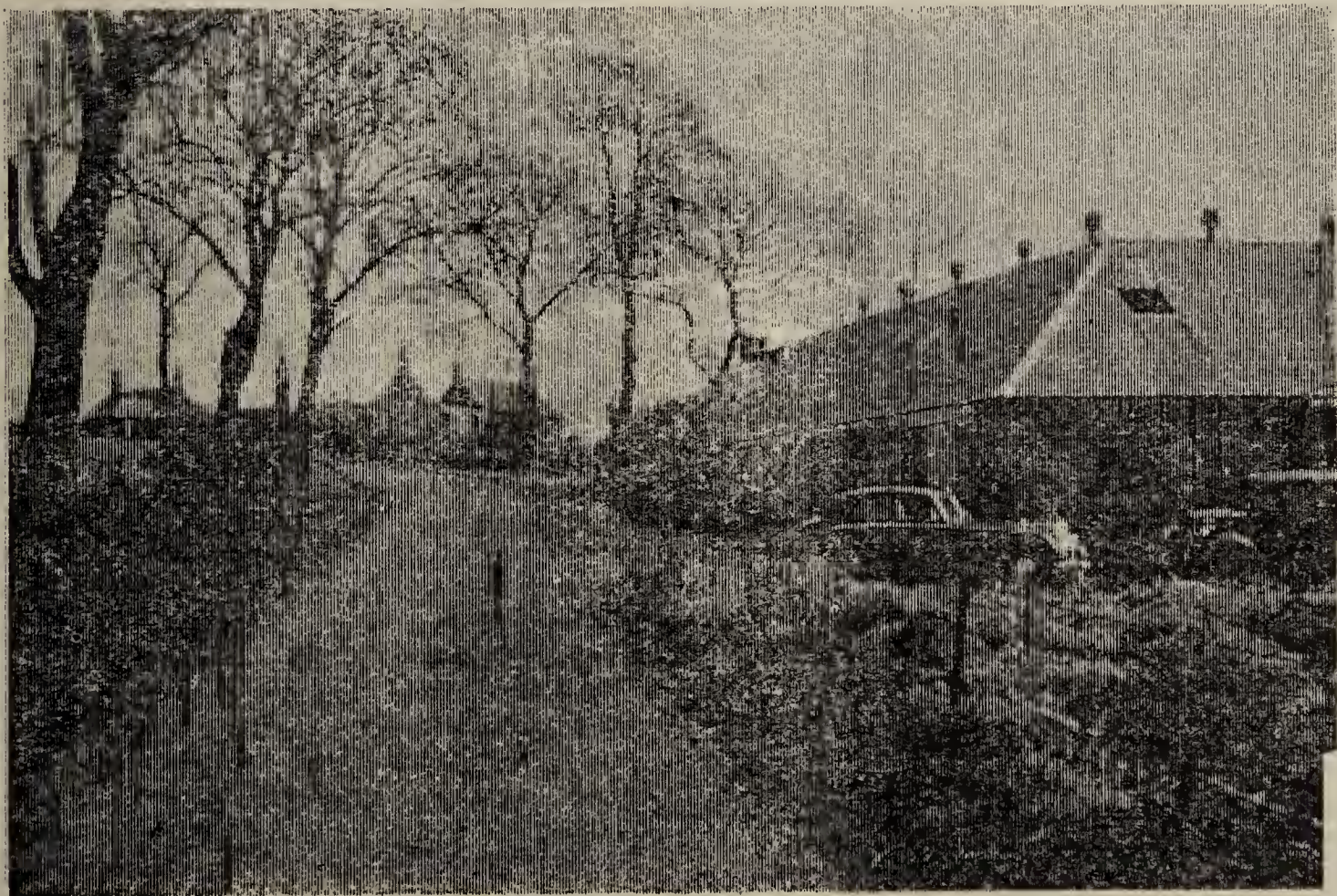
As months went on, James became restless with the humdrum life in little Inverkeilor. His father's oldest apprentice, John Mather, had some years before this time gone to Dundee, where he worked for Herr and Company, machine builders in that city. "Come to Dundee," he wrote James. "You can live with me, and I'm sure you can get a place at Herr and Company." So in June, 1850, when James Finlayson was not quite twenty years of age, he said goodbye to his parents and

took the train from Arbroath to Dundee.

Dundee, about twenty-five miles from Inverkeilor, was a thriving metropolis in 1850. It numbered more than 100 000 population, and was the third largest city in Scotland. It was an industrial city, known for its cotton and linen mills on the Tay estuary. Here James Finlayson came to further his knowledge of mechanics, but while here he learned something far more valuable, something that was to change the course of his entire life.

For John Mather, with whom he was living, had joined a new church, a church which had had its origin in the United States only twenty years before this, the Church of Christ of Latter-day Saints, as it was called at this time. Enthusiastically. John Mather told James about the Church, and invited him to attend one of the meetings of the Dundee Branch. So James went with his friend, and heard one of the Scottish Elders, Hugh Findlay, preach the simple truths of the Restored Gospel. For James it seemed the answer to what he had been seeking. Eagerly he read the Book of Mormon and all the other material he could lay hands on about the Church, and eagerly he and John Mather discussed the principles of the Gospel. He knew he had found the truth and the way of life he wanted. About a month after he had first heard of the Church, he was baptized a member on August 2, 1850. He was baptized by his friend John Mather, and was confirmed two days later by Elder Allen Findlay, brother of Hugh Findlay, whose sermon had been his introduction to the Church.

Some time during the month of Oc-



GIGHTY BURN

tober, 1850, he was sent by his employers to one of the northernmost parts of Scotland, to the seacoast city of Wick, where he spent nearly three months fitting up a mill for grinding oats, a principal crop in the area. We may be sure that while he was there he wrote his parents many long letters telling them of his joy in his new-found religious faith and hoping that they would join him in his belief, but we can imagine his parents' feelings when they learned that their oldest son had left the faith of their fathers, the faith in which so many generations of Finlaysons had been reared, the faith in which they so devoutly believed. His father wrote to him, begging, pleading with him to reconsider his decision, and finally asked him to come home for a while so that they could talk the problem out. So when James had finished his job in Wick, he left the employ of Herr & Company and returned to work and live with his father, who by this time had moved his family from Inverkeilor and was living in a house called Gighty Burn, in Kinnell Parish, between Friockheim and Inverkeilor. This house was, until very recently, still standing and still occupied until it was destroyed by fire in 1956 shortly before our visit. The machine shop owned by James Finlayson, Sr., is still beside it.

It was January, 1851, when James returned home, the last time he was to live under his parents' roof for any length of time. There was no meeting of minds between him and his father; both were stubborn men, and both were deeply religious, and the discussions which James had hoped would lead to his family's conversion led only to argument and hard feelings on both sides. Stubbornly James remained at home on Sundays reading the Book of Mormon and the Bible while his father and mother took the children to the Kirk, and the old family solidarity was broken. He felt sometimes as if these people, so dear to him, were strangers, and that the members of the Mormon Church were his only true kin. And gradually a great desire grew within him to be with the people of his chosen faith, to leave Scotland, the land of his birth, and to gather with the Saints in Utah, there to be one with that people and to learn more of the ways of God.

Accordingly, about the end of May, 1851, James left for Glasgow, largest city in Scotland, and location of one of the largest branches of the Church in the British Mission at that time, numbering almost 1,000 members. The trip to Glasgow made a great impression on the young

man; he notes that he took the railroad through the County of Fife, and spent a night in Edinburgh in the home of one of his friends, a member of the Church, Mr. Waugh, on his way. Mr. Waugh took him around the historic old city of Edinburgh, showing him the castle of Edinburgh and other famous monuments. Then James went on to Glasgow, arriving June 3, 1851. He immediately went to work at the millwright and engineering business.

He was to remain in Glasgow for three and one-half years. During this time, he was a faithful member of the Glasgow Branch, and had his chief friendships and associations with the Scottish Saints in Glasgow. Here, in the fall of 1851, a few months after he had come to Glasgow, he met the woman who was to become his first wife, Jane Malcolm Wand.

We know little about Jane Malcolm Wand; James Finlayson spoke of her always in terms of respect, but told us little about her. When James met her, she was a widow at least thirty years older than he, with ten children, four daughters and six sons, all but three of whom were older than James Finlayson. What attraction a woman well into her fifties had for a young man of twenty-one we can only speculate. Perhaps the marriage was strictly a business proposition on both sides.

Whatever his reasons, James Finlayson married Jane Malcolm Wand on August 13, 1852. They were married by Robert L. Campbell, President of the Glasgow Conference. They moved to No. 13 Crown Street, Glasgow, where they lived until they emigrated to the United States.

We know little about Jane's family: James Finlayson mentions two of her sons: William, the youngest, nineteen years old, went with them when they emigrated to America. We know also that at least one other son was living in Glasgow. Andrew (born 1820) was a widower with one son, Thomas. His wife had died of consumption in 1850, before James became acquainted with the family. Probably Andrew contracted that very common disease from her; he died less than a year after James and Jane's marriage, on June 21, 1853, leaving his son Thomas, six years old, an orphan. Probably James and Jane were with Andrew when he died, and James promised him that he would adopt Thomas and care for him. So that day they took the little boy home with them to live.

It was the advice of the First Presidency of the Church that the Saints in Europe should come to America as soon as possible so that they might strengthen the membership in Utah, and "gathering to Zion" was much in the minds and hearts of most of the members in the British Isles. A fund, called the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, was established October 6, 1849, to help those Saints who were too poor to pay for their passage, but James

Finlayson was proud and independent as well as skilled with his hands to earn his own way, and he worked in Glasgow until he had saved enough money to pay his passage, together with that of Jane, Thomas, and William Wand.* On January 21, 1855, he and his newly acquired family boarded the sailing ship Benjamin Adams at Liverpool, and were off for America.

The voyage to America took practically a month. During the time they were aboard, time might have dragged heavily for them in their cramped, uncomfortable quarters, but the Church had organized the Saints aboard the ships until these shiploads of emigrating Mormons became known for their good spirits, their cleanliness, and their good order and discipline. When the ship was ready to sail, the President of the British Mission appointed a President and two counselors for the vessel. The ship was then divided into wards or branches, with an Elder or Priest over each of these. The day's routine began at five or six A. M., when the passengers arose, threw their rubbish overboard, and cleaned the ship. Each passenger had to bring his own food, cooking and eating utensils, and bedding with him for the voyage; the extent of the ship's accommodations was to furnish wood stoves for the passengers to cook their food. Then after each family had prepared breakfast and eaten it, the Saints assembled for prayer and meetings. Very often dancing took place in the afternoon. At eight or nine P.M. the Saints assembled for the last time for prayers. and then retired to their hard, narrow berths for the night. And very narrow these berths were, indeed; they were six feet long and eighteen inches wide.

January was probably one of the least pleasant times of the year to make an ocean voyage. Bitter winds and storm-tossed seas added to the discomfort of the passengers. James noted briefly that during their month at sea one passenger died, and that one sailor was blown from the yards while reefing a sail during a storm and was lost at sea.

CHAPTER III

THE YOUNG SCOTTISH IMMIGRANT

After a long, cold voyage, on February 18, 1855, the Benjamin Adams sailed into New York Harbor with its cargo of Saints. Many of the people headed directly for the West; not so James Finlayson and his dependents. He immediately set about finding work to support himself and to finance his trip to Utah.

His first move was to visit the New

York office of the future President of the Church, John Taylor, who received him kindly and presented him with a copy of the first number of *The Mormon*, a newspaper which Taylor published from February 17, 1855 to September 19, 1857. After this, James began job hunting in earnest. and after a week, we find him working for a Mr. Birbeck. This job must not have been satisfactory, for after six weeks in New York, he and his family crossed the Hudson River to Hoboken, N. J., where he remained for about a year working for Robert S. Stevens at the Patterns for the Steam Battery for the Government of the United States. This was some sort of naval artillery; the patterns were the first copy of molds that were made for later casting in iron or steel.

The United States in 1855 was in a ferment of agitation over the slavery question that was to lead some six years later to Civil War. The Mormons, who had endured such hardships to get away from their persecutors, and who had been in the Salt Lake Valley only eight years, were gone but far from forgotten by their tormentors east of the Mississippi. The first platform of the newly organized Republican Party condemned "those twin devils of anarchy, polygamy and slavery." It is interesting to note that, whatever the reason, the Republicans lost that first election. These were the times in which James Finlayson made his entry into the New World.

In April, 1856, the family made a large step in their progress westward, when they moved to Detroit. Before they settled down, they visited Jane's brother George Malcolm, who lived on a farm about forty miles from Detroit, for about two weeks. Then they moved into the city of Detroit; and James Finlayson began to work for Kendrick and Company, starting April 30, 1856. He was employed by this firm for a year and a half, presumably a quiet, uneventful period in his and Jane's lives; he mentions only that Mr. and Mrs. Teffe, Jane's sister and husband from Asphodel Canada, visited them in the spring of 1857.

But the year 1857 was destined to go down in history as a bad year for almost everyone in the United States. It had been a period of speculation and increasing indebtedness for almost all the important industries in the United States, and during August, 1857, panic broke out. The stock market fell abruptly; a run on the banks began, and many banks closed or suspended payment. Merchants and manufacturers were failing everywhere by September. It is possible that Kendrick and Company, the Detroit firm that employed James Finlayson, was one of those forced to shut

* William Wand is not mentioned again in James Finlayson's records; his whereabouts is unknown to me.

down or curtail operations. At any rate, at the end of September, 1857, we find James Finlayson ending his employment with them.

These were dark days for the young Scottish immigrant. His elderly wife, Jane, had become very ill with some sort of stomach distress; he was the sole support of his adopted son Thomas Wand, and he was laid off from his job, with little prospect of another position, as daily the ranks of Detroit's jobless men swelled by the thousands, and more and more factories and shops closed.

About this time, James heard of an opening at the Pilot Knob Machine Shop near St. Louis, Mo. It was a long trip for his sick wife to make, but again, it was a chance for work, and it was also another step to their ultimate goal, so on October 1, 1857, the Finlaysons set out from Detroit to St. Louis, a distance, as the crow flies, of 452 miles. They made the journey by rail in two days, a tedious trip, with many layovers and changes of trains.

James had only worked for the Pilot Knob Machine Shop for about nine days when the financial panic hit St. Louis, and this shop almost closed. Of course, he, as a new employee, was laid off. We can imagine his feelings as he joined the ranks of the jobless again, and began searching frantically in a new city for work, to come home every evening to find Jane no better, and if anything, a little worse. At last, after more than a month without work, he contracted with the captain of the Falls City, one of the Mississippi paddle wheel steamers, to erect a frame for hoisting apparatus. For this job he was promised \$35.00. He began working on this on November 30, and finished the job in two weeks. Then he worked three more days putting an engine in the hold of the boat. He received \$62.00 for his work.

It must have been a sorrowful Christmas for James, his wife, and Thomas Wand. Again James was unemployed; they were new in the city, and day by day Jane grew more ill, and her pain grew more intense. James called doctors, but they could do nothing to ease her suffering.

However, the members of the Church in St. Louis helped him as much as they could, and at this time we see the beginning of a friendship and a profitable business association which extended many years in James Finlayson's life. On December 30, 1857, he began to work for Walter H. Huish, a member of the Church and later a prominent man in Payson, Utah, at the Crooks Saw Factory. He was paid \$2.50 per day for a ten hour day, and he worked fourteen and one-half days for Mr. Huish.

A couple of weeks later, on February 3, 1858, James's wife Jane died, leaving

him to care for young Thomas Wand, now eleven years old, alone. Jane was buried in the St. Louis cemetery.

After this, whether by his own choice or because of the unemployment situation, we find him working on a number of small jobs for short periods of time. He had very few days of unemployment between jobs, however; so we may be sure that his skill and reliability were valued by his employers. He worked thirty - four and one - half days making a hay press for one David Todd, and then went back to work for Mr. Huish for a few days. From May until the end of October, 1858, he worked for Mr. Raith at Fagan's Flouring Mill doing millwrighting (making machinery for the flour mill). The next month he spent in Maseantan, Belleville, and Libertyville, Illinois, repairing machines and distilleries. Then he returned to St. Louis, and repaired saw mill frames and patterns for Mr. Huish from November 12, 1858 to February 12, 1859. The months of February, March, and April of that year he spent in Springfield, Ill., fixing engines in flour mills. After this he returned to St. Louis to make active plans for his departure for Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER IV

A SECOND MARRIAGE, AND THE "GATHERING"

James Finlayson returned to St. Louis also to make preparations for his marriage to Mary Ada Alexander. At the time he met Miss Alexander, she was living in St. Louis with her mother and younger sister Sara. James was twenty-seven, and Ada, as she was called, was a tall, reserved, dark eyed girl of twenty-one, with dark brown hair which she wore in the fashionable "madonna" style, flat on top parted in the middle, and brought down smoothly over her ears and fastened in a chignon at the back of her neck.

Unlike James Finlayson, Mary Ada Alexander wrote nothing of her life's story, and what little we know of her and of her parentage we gain chiefly from not wholly reliable accounts written by her sister Sara, the well-known actress. She was the fifth of six children born to William and Sarah Brentlinger Alexander, being preceded by four brothers, Joseph, James, Fredrick, and Francis. She was born on August 23, 1836, possibly in Wheeling, Virginia; Sara tells us that the family was "of Wheeling, Ohio County, Virginia." Sara was born in 1839, also in Wheeling, and then sometime between that year and 1844 the family moved, for on December 30, 1844, their father, William Alexander, died — just where, we have no record.

Sometime between 1844 and 1858, the family was in Yazoo, Mississippi, where on November 3, 1858, the eldest son,



Mary Ada Alexander Finlayson
1836 - 1871



Sara Alexander
1839 - 1926

Joseph Armitage Alexander, died. Grief-stricken, the mother, Sarah B. Alexander, moved to St. Louis with her two young daughters, Mary Ada and Sara.

As was not uncommon in early church history, Mary Ada was baptized into the Church several times, the first time being August 2, 1850. In December, 1857, Sara B. Alexander was baptized a member of the Church. As with Mary Ada's, the record is incomplete, and we do not know the place of the baptism, nor do we know its circumstance. At any rate, when they moved to St. Louis, they affiliated themselves with the Branch of the Church there, and it was in this way that they met James Finlayson.

There is some question as to whether this second marriage was entirely a love match; what attraction the girl Mary Ada felt for the tall, serious young widower with the Scots brogue we can only surmise. Mary Ada had shortly before this broken her engagement to another young man, and it is possible that Mrs. Alexander put pressure on her daughter to agree to the marriage so that the Alexander family might accompany James Finlayson to Utah. Whatever the circumstances, we know that their marriage was not entirely a happy one during the short years before it was broken by Mary Ada's early death. Mary Ada and James were very different in their character and temperament. Mary Ada was artistic; she did beautiful needlework. She was an accomplished harpist, so much so that at one period of her life she considered making a career as a professional musician. She loved gaiety, parties, the theater, and pretty things both for her person and for her home — all things difficult to obtain in the pioneer environment to which she and James were going, and also things which were incompatible with James Finlayson's dour Scots upbringing. He never understood the longings of this fragile, aristocratic Southern girl's heart — but, on the other hand, she was too self-centered and ambitious for her own desires to make the effort to appreciate the fine qualities of intelligence, thrift, dependability, and leadership that she might have seen in her husband. Theirs was not a happy marriage, but who can say where the

fault for this chiefly lay.

On May 18, 1859, James Finlayson concluded his arrangements for his journey to Utah, and on this date he, his adopted son Thomas Wand, Mrs. Alexander, and her two daughters, Mary Ada and Sara, sailed from St. Louis on the steamboat Isabella to Florence (now part of Omaha), Nebraska Territory. The trip upriver took eight days, and inasmuch as James Finlayson had arranged deck passage for the five of them, he notes in his journal that they were "tolerably comfortable when compared with what those on deck generally have to contend with but we are cheered with the knowledge that to be fitted to receive the exaltation for which we are striving, we must first descend below all things and bear them meekly and cheerfully." On this uplifting note begins and also ends his extremely brief account of his trip up the river. Perhaps at that moment it began to rain.

On May 26, the travelers arrived in Florence, usual Mormon outfitting point for the trip to Utah. The new town of Florence, founded in 1854 on the old site of the Mormon Winter Quarters, was a thriving town of over 1,000 in 1859, which drew much of its prosperity from the fact that it had become the last main supply depot for the streams of pioneers on their way to Utah, Oregon, and California. It boasted a hotel, the Willet House, located at the corner of Main and State Streets, where "travelers and others," as its advertisement informed the public, "will be accommodated with all the convenience and attention that can be procured in newly settled countries." We wonder if James Finlayson, his bride-to-be, and her family might have stayed here. Also in Florence at this time were two physicians, a drug store, two lawyers, two house and sign painters, and a saloon called the Arcade where could be had the choicest liquors and cigars, oysters, sardines, pigs feet, and tripe. Alexander C. Pyper, a Mormon who went on to Salt Lake City later in 1859, had a general store here, and probably James Finlayson and his party bought their supplies for the trip west at Pyper's store, including a canvas topped covered wagon, a tent, a yolk of oxen, 1,000 lbs. of flour, 50 lbs. of sugar, 50 lbs. of bacon, 50 lbs. of rice, 30 lbs. of beans, 20 lbs. of dried apples and peaches, 1 gallon of vinegar, 10 bars of soap, and 25 lbs. of salt. The travelers also procured, if they had not brought with them, suitable clothing for the rugged journey: for James and Thomas, flat crowned felt hats, shirts, jeans trousers, and cowhide boots; and for the women in the group, everyday dresses of figured calico, fashioned with the short waist, plain sleeves, broad belt, and full skirt of the Civil War period.

In the midst of this hurry and bustle and confusion, James Finlayson and Mary Ada Alexander were married, on June 1,

1859, by Horace S. Eldridge.* Less than two weeks later, on June 12, James Finlayson and his party set out on their journey across the plains, traveling in an independent company of about 100 wagons under the direction of Captain James Brown, former officer in the Mormon Battalion, and founder of the City of Ogden.

If James Finlayson had seen fit to keep a diary of his trip across the plains, as he did on other occasions, it would, no doubt, have made interesting reading. He made a sporadic attempt at writing during a brief period of the trip; we have a few laconic notations in one of his notebooks for the dates Wednesday, June 22, 1859, through Wednesday, June 29 — a short week only. Why he did not continue his account of the trip we do not know. However, his sister-in-law, Sara Alexander, who traveled with him on this trip, took the occasion some years later to set down her recollections of the experience. As we have noted before, Miss Alexander was prone to some degree of exaggeration and inaccuracy in her accounts, and for that reason, her highly interesting story may not be wholly reliable. However, she adds some colorful sidelights to the story of the journey to Salt Lake City, and we may live again with the travelers, as they walked slowly along beside the powerful but plodding oxen pulling the heavy wagon over the rutted, sandy track, deeply furrowed by the thousands of immigrants that had passed that way before them, both on their way to the California gold fields, and to "Zion." The wagon, Sara tells us, carried the family's belongings only. Able bodied men and women walked, to lighten the burden on the oxen.

The travelers tried to start from camp each morning by 8 o'clock. They stopped at noon for refreshment, and then about sundown, they would make their camp for the night, near a stream of water. Here is part of Miss Alexander's account of an evening in camp.

"The wagons were corralled, making a large space inside in the form of a ring with a small opening at each end. . . . Guards were assigned each night to see that the camp was not surprised by [Indians] and that they did not stampede the cattle, which was a trick of the Indians to disable the train from

moving on the next day, and so be at their mercy. . . . Each wagon or tent represented a family in its own house with its own interests and belongings. . . . Tents were pitched, preparations for the evening meal commenced, and everyone was busy I don't think anything ever tasted so delicious and appetizing as those sagebrush cooked meals in the cool of the evening All had an iron oven, a flat bottomed pan with a lid. It held a good sized loaf of bread, which was eaten warm with bacon or ham, and potatoes Sometimes a buffalo would be killed, and then we had fresh meat

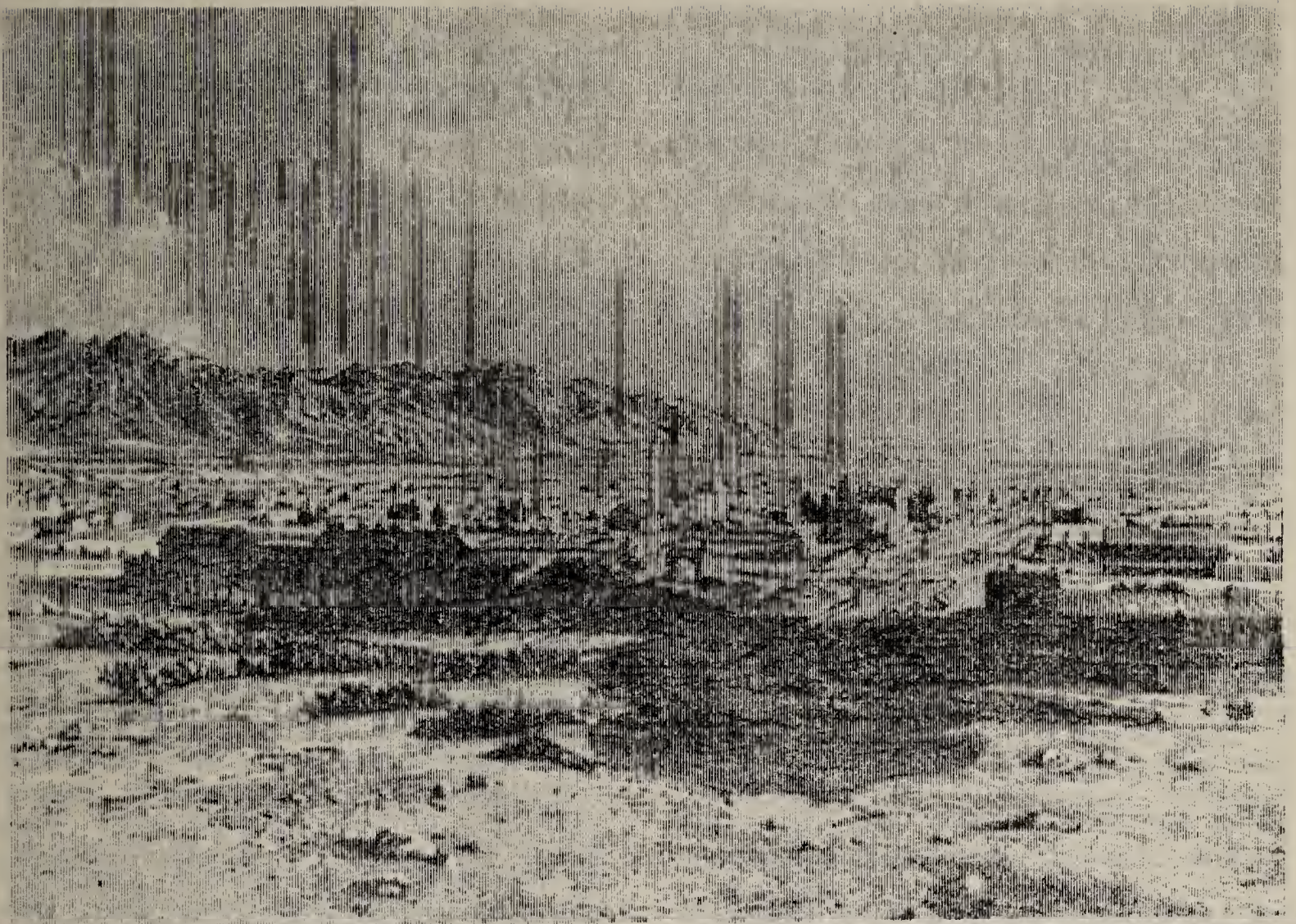
"After the suppers were over, and everything was cleared away as spic and span as army quarters, and a long evening was before us, the camp fires giving light and warmth, there would be prayers and discourses by the Elders and Teachers and singing with the accompaniment of guitars, violins, cornets, and such musical instruments. Those evenings recall memories of the most spiritual and soul-inspiring religious sentiments I ever experienced. The vast, open surroundings, our camp which looked like a dot on the face of the earth, our insignificance and helplessness without Supreme protection, was forced upon [our] consciousness. The stillness, the vastness, the night with the moon and stars shining over us, was all so overwhelming in its beauty and greatness that a heathen must have been impressed with the presence of God.

"When the night came, the beds would be prepared in tents and wagons, and all but the watchers retired for the night, and quiet reigned."

The weather was hot, as the midwest sweltered in the grip of summer sultriness; the land stretched before them in never ending monotony of shimmering treeless bluffs and unbroken prairie, a desolate sight to Saints unused to pioneering, and perhaps homesick for the green hills of New England or of the Old Country. We sense some tension and bad feeling, momentarily, at least, among the members of the party, as James Finlayson reports Captain Brown in the evening meeting "addressing the Saints on the necessity of being united and willing to aid one another and put away all selfish feeling, and did not want to see any bad feelings existing in the camp."

It was a strange honeymoon for newlywed James and Mary Ada Finlayson, as the miles ground slowly away under the creaking wheels of the covered wagon, the rutted trail stretching endlessly before them, broken occasionally by shallow creeks which must be forded, or bigger rivers with precarious plank bridges to be crossed with imminent danger that wagon,

* What Horace Eldridge was doing in Florence in 1859 I do not know. He was one of the earliest converts to the Church, and among the first settlers of Salt Lake City, as he was elected Marshall of the State of Deseret (Utah) in January, 1849. He was later chosen as a member of the General Board of Education of the Church, and was one of the Seven Presidents of Seventies.



Salt Lake City as it appeared when James Finlayson first saw it.

oxen, people, and possessions might be precipitated into the rapids below at any moment. Landmarks passed — Lone Tree, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, the Devil's Gate, and these furnished welcome diversions from the never ending monotony of the barren landscape. They often saw bands of Indians in their native garb, galloping like the wind on swift ponies past their slow moving train. Occasionally they sighted huge herds of buffalo, and often were able to kill one for meat. And at some time during the course of their journey they passed a company of hand-cart immigrants, bound, like themselves, for Zion, and Sara noted how weary the poor women looked as they bravely pulled their heavy laden carts along.

But at last they neared their destination, and excitement rose in the camp, and burst forth in song as they slowly and painfully picked their way over those last, most difficult miles down the steep, rocky canyon trails to the promised valley.

And the twelve year old city of Salt Lake lay before them, a green oasis in the desert valley, with wide, clean streets laid out carefully in blocks, and rows of neat white adobe brick houses — the city of the Saints, with whom they had come to dwell. And tears rose in the eyes of many, for they had, indeed, after so long a journey, come home.

CHAPTER V

FIRST YEARS IN UTAH

Thus, after a journey of two and one-half months, James Finlayson arrived with his family in Salt Lake City, on August 29, 1859. His old friend, Robert L. Campbell, former president of the Glasgow Conference of the Church, had preceded him to Zion, and he kindly welcomed the newcomers and invited them to share his home. This, Mary Ada, James Finlayson, and Thomas Wand did, until on September 17, they rented a house from Brother Wells in the Seventeenth Ward, northwest of the Temple Block, for \$6.00 per month.

In the meanwhile, Sarah B. Alexander and her youngest daughter Sara had been made welcome at the Lion House, home of Brigham Young's family, where they lived for several years, and where the young Sara Alexander taught Brigham Young's daughters dancing, and where she made her first appearance on the stage.

James Finlayson worked in a carpenter's shop from September 10 to October 17. Then, President Daniel H. Wells and Bishop Kessler, under the direction of Brigham Young, asked him to work with a number of other millwrights in preparing timbers and building a nail factory in Sugar House Ward. So he moved with his wife and adopted son from the Seventeenth Ward to Sugar House, and on

October 22, he began work on the nail factory.

Nails were an important and scarce commodity in pioneer Utah. Previous to this, nails had to be brought in by freight, and they sold for 50c a pound. The Sugar House factory was the first large one in the Territory; a small nail factory had been started a couple of years previous to this in Payson. By November, 1860, after more than a year's work, the men thought the Sugar House factory was ready to begin manufacture of nails from the iron bands which were put around the heavy wagon tires that had crossed the plains. Unfortunately, the machinery proved defective, and had to be abandoned temporarily. Then James Finlayson was asked to install the machinery for a paper mill in the old Sugar House (sorghum mill). This he did, in March and April, 1861, and the mill, which made wrapping and newspaper for some years after this, went into operation that year.

But hope had not been abandoned for the nail factory. In June, 1861, James Finlayson contracted to remodel the machinery, and in November, 1861, two years from the time when the factory was begun. Mr. Finlayson finished his work, and a few days later, he and Ezra Thompson made the first nails on two machines, one for making larger sizes, and one for making small nails. Their efforts were successful this time, and they soon were joined by a number of assistants whom they trained to operate the machines and to attend the rolls, triphammer, and furnaces. These were the first nails made in Salt Lake City, and the first large-scale nail manufacture in the Territory.

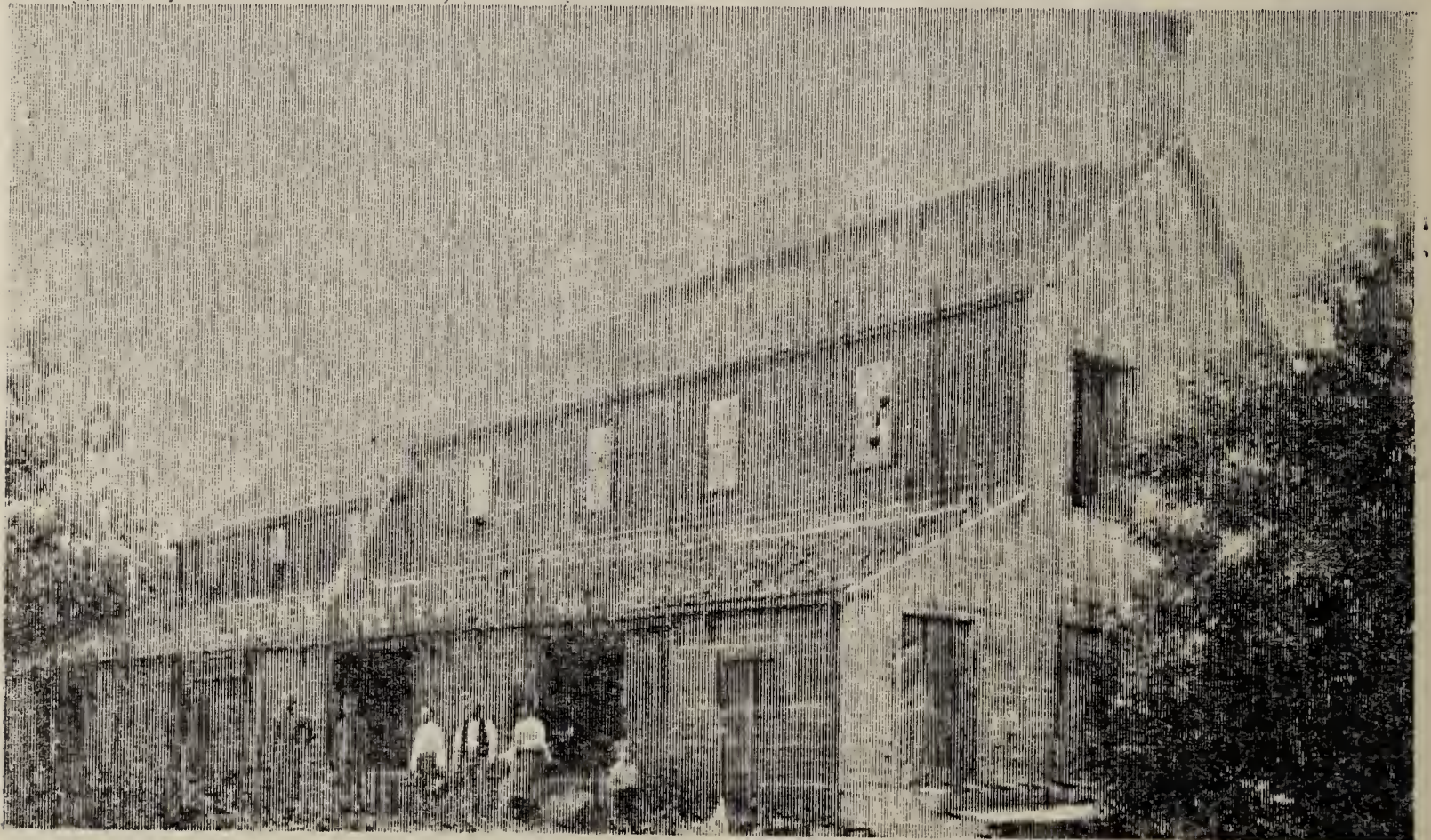
While they were living in Sugar House their first son was born to James and Mary Ada. Frederick James Finlayson was born about noon on May 24, 1860.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY YEARS IN PAYSON

James Finlayson continued to work in the nail factory until the spring of 1862. At April Conference time, his old friend from St. Louis, Walter H. Huish, now living in Payson, paid him a visit. A year previous to this, Huish and Warren Tenney had begun a machine shop and spinning wheel manufacture in Payson, using machinery which Huish had brought by ox team across the plains from St. Louis. Huish proposed that James Finlayson bring his family to Payson and join them in this business, which they wished to enlarge to include general carpentering, cabinet making, and machine building. James was interested in the idea, and a little later made a trip to the pioneer village of Payson, which had been started only seven years before this time, to look the situation over. He must have been favorably impressed with what he saw there, for in May, 1862, he took his family and moved to Payson to go into business with Huish and Tenney.

Here he purchased a city block of property, and built himself an adobe brick house, in which he and his growing family lived for some years, until he replaced it with the substantial brick home which still stands in Payson at 235 North 1st West. His first work in Payson was to frame and put together for Huish the first planing



HUISH PLANING MILL, PAYSON

mill operated in the Territory.

About three months after they had moved to Payson, a second son was born to Mary Ada and James, George Alexander Finlayson, born August 14, 1862 at about seven o'clock in the morning, as James Finlayson so methodically recorded it in his journal.

The three business partners, Huish Tenney, and Finlayson, split up shortly after James Finlayson arrived in Payson. Tenney and Finlayson kept the original building which had belonged to Huish and Tenney, and engaged in cabinet business and general building and carpentry work for about two years. Then James Finlayson bought out Tenney's interest in the business and continued in it until 1880, when he was called on his mission. Walter Huish had withdrawn early from the partnership and purchased the Sabin Machine Shop.

Life in Payson settled into a routine for the Finlaysons for the next few years. Besides the work in the furniture factory, James and Mary Ada managed a small farm on their lot on which they kept a few cows, some chickens, and a horse, and grew fruit, berries, and vegetables enough for their family. It was a good thing that they were able to do this, for food costs about this time were caught in a deadly spiral of inflation caused by the Civil War, in which prices more than matched our present day costs, and wages lagged far behind. Added to this was the constant threat of conscription to military service for the Union side in the Civil War, and the plague of Indians which harrassed settlers in that area of Utah, running off cattle and destroying property. James Finlayson took his turn guarding the town every third night during the terrible winter of 1864-65, a winter still remembered as one of the most severe in Payson history. Evidently, nothing exciting happened while he was on guard, however, as he did not report using his rifle on any Indians.

In the dead of the winter, at this unsettled time, on January 18, 1865, a baby daughter was born to the Finlaysons. Mary Ada, named for her mother, survived only a little over a year, dying April 21, 1886, of spinal meningitis, or dropsy of the brain, as it was called then. Those were dark days for James, and even more so for his wife Ada, who sat in anguished helplessness beside her baby's bed, to lay her finally to rest in a tiny grave in the Payson cemetery.

But times were not all hard. The people of Payson made their own amusements, and James and Mary Ada doubtlessly enjoyed these with their friends. The Fourth of July and the Twenty-fourth of July were celebrated with parades, brass bands, horse races, and dancing. These dances, incidentally, were to our modern taste, real endurance contests.

They usually began at two p.m., and lasted until three or four the next morning, with an intermission at supper time. Fall brought corn huskings, peach and squash dryings, that usually became neighborhood affairs. In the winter the young people went sleigh riding, and the women held quilting and sewing bees. And in good weather, Mary Ada, an accomplished horsewoman, often took her small son Fred on the saddle before her and rode the country roads about Payson.

James sang bass in the ward choir and served for a while as choir leader. The Finlaysons had a parlor organ, and sometimes the choir would come to their home for practice. James and Mary Ada also participated in amateur theatricals which were given in the old Union Hall. Of his thespian talents, James said dryly, "They seemed to like it, but whether it was my good acting or dearth of amusement I don't know."

James Finlayson was a serious minded man, and he came to this land with serious intentions of doing his part in the community of Saints with whom he had thrown his lot. As he says in his Autobiography in Answer to a Questionnaire,

"In leaving my native land and coming to Utah, my object and intentions were to identify and interest myself with the people who brought to me and others the greatest boon through the principles of the gospel and the plan of salvation, with the power and authority to officiate, and who were gathering to this land, and who, I believed, had a great work to perform in reclaiming the desert and making it a fit abode, and in the establishing the true Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth in fulfillment of prophecy and according to the decrees of the Almighty.

"And so, in accordance therewith, particularly here in Payson where I have spent the greater part of my days, I have been interested in its welfare religiously, socially, politically, industrially, and in any way to aid for the betterment and advancement of its citizens and the commonwealth."

James Finlayson had always been interested in education, especially since he now had school age children of his own, and so, in 1866, we see him beginning his long period of public service, with his election to the Payson School Board on January 22. Payson in 1866 was a small town of 1,139 population, with only one school building. This building, completed only a year before this, and later identified as the old adobe school house, stood until 1884 on the site of the present Central School. Although it had been planned in 1863 as a "large and commodious building," almost before its completion it was found to be inadequate for the growing school age population of Payson, and the

three school trustees, James Finlayson, Anson Sheffield, and John Loveless, were charged with building more school houses. That year the town built and furnished another school house in the northwest quarter of the town, the Rock School House, and before the end of his tenure as school trustee, in 1874, James Finlayson saw to completion three more schools in Payson.

CHAPTER VII

MARY ADA



Times were still hard in 1867. The settlers still lived in fear of Indians, who stole their horses, and harrassed them to such an extent that all work in the canyons around Payson had to be abandoned, and townspeople continued to take turns standing guard over the town each night. Money was scarce, and a plague of grasshoppers well nigh destroyed their vegetables that summer. It was a year since James and Mary Ada had buried their baby daughter, and in the spring, on May 20, 1867, Mary Ada gave birth to a son, whom they named Frank Fuller Finlayson, after popular Utah Secretary Frank Fuller, who served under Governor John W. Dawson in 1861. It was a time of toil, monotony, anxiety, and frequent hunger that took its toll on the slender strength of the frail mother, Mary Ada. While her husband enlarged his sphere of activity beyond his workshop and garden to include more and more church and community service, Mary Ada felt the four walls of her home closing in on her. Weariness and the small beginnings of a nagging cough that somehow she could not shake

spoiled even her happiness in watching the development of her three sturdy little boys. And there were so many things that she would like to have had — a horse and a light carriage that would save her waning strength, and would make it possible for her to get away occasionally from the house; James was gone from home so much of the time, and she was so lonely. But there was no money for such things. no money for pretty things, music, the theater, even if these things had been available in Payson — things that she read of, as in a dream, in letters from her sister Sara, who was now a successful actress in San Francisco.

In 1868, Mary Ada's mother came to live with them in Payson. The long visit, which ended with Sarah B. Alexander's death on March 17, 1870, proved almost more of a burden than Mary Ada could bear. The mother was an invalid, weighing more than 200 lbs., and as her life drew to a close, her mind wandered, taking away what little consolation Mary Ada might have found in her company.

The fall of 1868 — times were better; money flowed more freely, and people brought their orders for furniture to James Finlayson at his shop. He also got a contract to make broom handles for the local broom factory, so things began to look up financially for the Finlaysons. It looked like a good winter for everyone.

James Finlayson had been interested ever since he had lived in Salt Lake City in the cooperative mercantile idea that had successfully been started there in the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution. For about three years, people in Payson had been talking about the possibility of starting a similar store in Payson. On January 9, 1869, the Payson Cooperative Mercantile Institution was organized, with James Finlayson serving on the board of directors. William Douglass, a leading merchant in Payson, agreed to superintend the business, which he did until 1880.

In the City Elections held on the second Monday of February, 1869, James Finlayson was elected Alderman, or councilman, and Justice of the Peace, an office which he held for six consecutive terms, until he was called on his mission, in 1880.

It was an active, happy time of life for James Finlayson, but a time which took him increasingly away from his home and into the community. Night after night Mary Ada, pregnant again, sat at home with her sick and querulous old mother and the three little boys, and night after night she brooded over the letters from the world of her sister Sara, while longing and loneliness grew into envy of the things she could never possess. But James, busy with his man's world, seemed not to notice the change that had come over his wife, or, if he did, only took himself off more to escape the sharp



CITY HALL, PAYSON, UTAH

bitterness of her tongue.

And then, in the midst of the big annual Fourth of July celebration in Payson that year, 1869, Mary Ada gave birth to a daughter. They named her Lisle Sara. Sara after her grandmother and her famous Aunt.

In 1870, a new sphere of activity was being added to James Finlayson's already full life. He was asked by the City of Payson to submit a plan for a new City Hall. This he did, and the City Council accepted his plan. The new City Hall was the first brick building in the city, fifty by twenty-five feet, and two stories high. The upper floor was one large hall suitable for public meetings of all kinds. The first floor included rooms for the city officers, and a session and court room. The basement held the jail. The total cost of the structure was \$8,000.00.

Then the Church asked him to draw up a blueprint for a new meeting house in Payson. Until this time, church meetings had been held in the school houses and the old tithing house. On May 22, 1870, a tax of \$10.00 was voted on every able bodied LDS man in Payson to build the chapel. James Finlayson, Jesse Taylor, and German Ellsworth drew up blueprints for the building, and brought down the first load of gravel from the canyon to build it. Work began during the summer of 1870, and it was completed and dedicated on July 20, 1872, by Apostle Woodruff, with President Brigham Young in attendance. This building, later known as the Payson Tabernacle, seated 800 people, and was used until it was destroyed by fire in 1904.

1870 was not a good year for Mary Ada, however. Her mother, Sarah B.

Alexander, had ceased to live mentally many months before she died, and she had to be watched constantly, around the clock. There were few nights that Mary Ada slept through the night, and dragging weariness became her constant companion. She lost weight, and her once beautiful face became thin and haggard. The annoying cough became worse, and it seemed as if she could never shake it. She lived for letters from her sister Sara, and when they came, read and reread them until she almost wore them out.

At last, on March 17, 1870, her mother died, at the age of sixty-three. Mary Ada could pretend little sorrow at her death; it had been months since her mother had recognized her or been able to talk to her. Now she could rest more, and enjoy her children, and perhaps this dreadful cough would leave her.

But the cough grew no better; rather, it grew a little worse as the months wore on into spring. Mary Ada saw the doctor, who shook his head gravely, and said, "A change of scene might benefit her; perhaps sea air . . ."

Yes, sea air, San Francisco, the excitement of the big city, the theater — if only she could visit Sara, who had so often urged her to come. At length James agreed that she might go, and in August, 1870, we find her in San Francisco with little Frank and baby Lisle, writing happy letters home to Pa and the boys, telling them of her thrill in using Sara's theater pass to see her sister act from the audience one night, and then the next night watching her from the wings, and how much better she felt, and how she missed the boys.

And then her visit was over, and she

was back home again, no better in health than before, in the same routine of household drudgery that now, after a glimpse of her sister's glamorous life, seemed harder and more monotonous than before.

Time dragged on for her into the next winter, and with each new day it seemed harder for her simply to take care of her ordinary household tasks and to see to the never-ending needs of her four exuberant children and her husband.

Some time during the summer of 1871, Mary Ada made a trip to Salt Lake City. While she was there, she went to the Lion House, Brigham Young's family's home, where her sister and her mother had lived while they were in Salt Lake City. She was kindly received by one of the sweetest of Brigham Young's wives, Clara Decker Young, the pioneer wife who had come with the Prophet when he first entered the Salt Lake Valley. Mrs. Young was shocked when she saw the ravages that consumption — for it was plainly this, and not an ordinary cough, had made in the beautiful face of the young Mrs. Finlayson. She took Mary Ada to Sara's old room in the Lion House and let her rest there. Emotion overwhelmed Mary Ada in this dear, familiar room, and it seemed as if she would do anything if only she could see her beloved sister again before she died, as she so well suspected she must. She wrote to Sara, begging her almost incoherently to come to her.

Sara came at once. There had never been good feeling between the strong-willed, independent Sara and the more than equally stubborn James Finlayson, and when she stormed into Payson, demanding that Mary Ada return to San Francisco with her at once, James Finlayson flatly refused. There had been enough of that business the year before, with Sara filling his wife's head full of theatrical nonsense, said he, and if good food and rest were what were needed, he, James, would see to it that his wife got that right at home in Payson. He would even get a new hired girl to help out, if necessary.

Sara knew when she had temporarily met her match. She withdrew to gather fresh troops before she renewed the onslaught. She went to Salt Lake City, and returned with Clara Decker Young. Mrs. Young talked to Mr. Finlayson for a long time, and he listened respectfully to this, one of the most beloved of the wives of his Prophet. Then he made his decision. Mary Ada should go to San Francisco, and should have a last chance to regain life and health.

They left in August, Mary Ada, Sara, and little Lisle, who was just two years old. It was a long, hot trip by stagecoach to Ogden, and then they had two days sitting on hard benches in a sooty, cinderspitting narrow-gauge railroad train across the searing wastes of the Nevada

desert. When they reached San Francisco, Mary Ada was more dead than alive.

This journey, undertaken with such high hopes by Mary Ada and Sara, proved to no avail. Mary Ada rapidly grew worse. The doctor came, shook his head, and looked solemn. "Pthisis," he said. "If I had seen her sooner . . ."

Pulmonary consumption — tuberculosis, as we call it today — a sentence of death. Sara wept, for she truly loved her sister if she loved anyone in the world, and her heart grew hard against the husband who she felt had not taken sufficient care of her sister, to prevent this.

But Mary Ada could not believe that she was not going to get well, and that she would never again see her beloved little boys at home. Lisle Leigh, her daughter, told of her last moments of life. She "raised herself in bed, and stretching out her arms, made a fervent prayer. She had hoped she was going to recover, and not till just before she passed did she seem to realize that she was not going to get well. She asked, 'What are you all standing 'round for? Am I going to die?'"

"Nannie (Sara Alexander) said, 'Oh, no, no.'"

"Then she made the effort and sat up in bed and said, 'Oh, God, let me live, for my children's sake.'"

Those were the last words she spoke.

On September 19, 1871, Mary Ada died, far from her home, husband, and boys. She was thirty-five years old. Sara arranged a grand funeral for her sister, inviting all her friends from the theater to accompany the body to the San Francisco Cemetery. Ten carriages followed the black funeral hearse. With heart full of hate for James Finlayson, she took care not to notify him of his wife's death until after the funeral, when she sent him a chilly note, presenting him with the doctor's bills, and the bill for the expensive funeral. She also informed him that she had decided to keep his little daughter, Lisle, to bring up to be a companion for herself. Furthermore, in case he had any notion of trying to force her to give Lisle up, by the time he received this letter, she and Lisle would be on a steamer bound for New York City via Cape Horn.

From this moment there was nothing but enmity between James and his sister-in-law. We can imagine his shock on receiving this letter from Sara, and learning that his wife had already been buried, far from the Finlayson family plot in Payson. Sara claimed that he refused to pay for the funeral expenses, yet in his journal we find careful notation of "Cash to Miss Alexander," from September 1871 to March 1874, totalling \$145.00, a sizeable sum in those days.

What James Finlayson should have done about recovering his daughter Lisle

from her Aunt it is hard to say. He did not have the financial means to employ detectives to trace her, and perhaps he felt that for the time being, the motherless little girl would be better cared for by her aunt than by her father alone. At any rate, he did nothing, and Lisle stayed with her aunt, brought up almost from babyhood in the wings of the theater, to toddle onto the stage in her first part at the age of four. *

CHAPTER VIII

SARAH CLIFFORD

James Finlayson, with the three boys at home, settled back into his familiar routine of work in his shop, in the community, and in the Church. But it was hard, raising three motherless boys with only the help of hired girls who came and went, perhaps finding the going rate of



**Sarah Clifford
Finlayson
1848 - 1912**

\$1.50 per week little incentive to long and faithful service. And so James found himself thinking more and more of a quiet, pretty young widow who had recently moved to Payson with her small daughter, Emma. This was Sarah Clifford Wilson, whose husband, Anthony Wilson, had been killed March 24, 1871 in an industrial accident in Greasley Parish, near Nottingham, England, where they lived. Since they were members of the Mormon Church, this unfortunate tragedy made the young Sarah decide to come to Utah to be with the other members of her faith, and to make a new life for herself and for her two children. So she, Emma, and her infant son John came to Ogden, Utah. While they were in Ogden, on May 12, 1872, baby John died. After this, she and her little girl moved to Payson. Here she met James Finlayson, and on August 11, 1873, they were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House by Joseph F. Smith. She was twenty-five, and James Finlayson was forty-three.

This gracious, charming lady, whose warmth of spirit and gentle ways made everyone who knew her love her, captured the hearts of her three little stepsons. They called her "Aunt Sarah," and poured out for her all the affection that they would have given their own mother had

she lived. Her daughter Emma, almost exactly the same age as the lost little sister Lisle, became a sister to the boys, and there was never any difference between the children while they were growing up together. Sarah Clifford made a happy, loving home for James Finlayson, who, with this fortunate choice of a helpmeet, was now to enter upon the happiest and best part of his life.

A number of children soon were added to the Finlayson family. Rosabella Finlayson was born June 12, 1874, at quarter past three in the afternoon. She did not live long, however; she died when she was not yet two years old, on March 30, 1876. Then, that same year, on November 13, 1876, Laura Ann Finlayson was born. Alice Mary Finlayson was born March 4, 1878, and James Henry Finlayson was born October 8, 1879.

CHAPTER IX

MISSION TO SCOTLAND

When James Finlayson went to Conference in Salt Lake City in April, 1880, he little suspected what would befall him there. Without warning, his name, along with a number of others, was read from the speaker's stand, as was customary in those days, and he was told to prepare himself for a mission to Scotland. Without hesitation, he accepted the call. He was set apart for his mission on April 9, 1880, there at the Conference, and given two weeks to set his affairs in order before leaving for the British Isles. He had seven children at home, the youngest only six months old.

James Finlayson left Payson on the train bound for New York City on April 25, 1880. One of the first things he was determined to do when he reached that city was to contact his sister-in-law, Sara Alexander, and to see his daughter Lisle, now almost eleven years old, and by this time a veteran actress.

The flames of hatred for James Finlayson had not died in Sara Alexander's heart over the nine years since she had last seen her brother-in-law, and spitefully she had told Lisle nothing of the letters which James had written her, nor of her family in Payson. Naturally she had not told Lisle of the time in Chicago when she unexpectedly had come face to face on the street with one of James's friends from Payson, and had turned and fled lest the man discover where she and Lisle were living. Lisle knew nothing of this. Her aunt had sheltered her, clothed and educated her, given her the "best" as she understood it, and to the child Lisle "Nannie" was all in all, the only family she had ever known.

James Finlayson, never one to reveal his feelings, set down in his typical dry,

* She played the role of Allie in *Kit, the Arkansas Traveler*, at McCauley's Theatre in Louisville, Ky., February 16 - 20, 1874.

unemotional manner the encounter as it finally took place before his departure for Liverpool. The entry in his missionary diary is dated May, 1880.

Spent most of the day trying to find Miss Sara Alexander, who has my daughter Lisle S. Finlayson changed to Lisle Leigh. On May 4th found Miss A. (who is sister to my deceased wife Mary Ada Alexander who died Sept. 18th, 1871 in San Francisco). She is living at 140 High Street, Brooklyn. Did not see my daughter [I understand she was spirited out of the house when Sara got wind of James's impending visit]. She has not been told of her father and brothers by her aunt, but she has agreed to make her acquainted with [i.e., tell her about] her family relations before my return to America.

Sara did just that. She filled the little girl with such venomous tales of her father and brothers that on James's return in the fall of 1881, when he did at length see Lisle, she would have nothing to do with him, and kept a cool distance from her family, except when she was short of money, for the rest of her life.

So James Finlayson left New York City, with the other Elders who had been called on missions to Great Britain, on board the steamship Nevada of the Guion Line. He put aside his bitterness and his disappointment at not seeing his long lost daughter, and determined to devote himself singleheartedly to the work of the Lord.

After a stormy voyage, the new missionaries arrived in Liverpool Harbor at four P.M. on May 17, 1880. The next day, they were assigned to their fields of labor: Elder Finlayson was to work in the Dundee Conference, which embraced the whole of the northern part of Scotland and had its headquarters in Dundee. He was also given the privilege of visiting his friends and relatives in the course of his missionary endeavors.

His first move, after calling on his old friend, Hugh Findlay, who had converted him to the church in 1850, and who was now in Glasgow, was to look up his brother George, who lived near Glasgow in Rutherglen. We can imagine the glad reunion between the brothers after twenty-five years of separation, twenty-five years that had seen the death of their parents, and that of a brother, David, and two sisters, Jane and Ann. Ann had died but three months previous to this, and had been buried with the rest of her family in the little cemetery at Friockheim. James was full of the wonderful news of the Gospel, the message which had brought him back to his old homeland after so many years. The brothers sat up far into the night, talking and discussing its principles.

James Finlayson left Rutherglen the

next morning, paused for a few hours in Glasgow, and then took the railway for Friockheim. Here he was greeted by his sister, Barbara Finlayson Smith, and her husband, John, who welcomed him warmly to their "neat little house of three rooms with garden attached of about four rods square, well tilled, and arranged with flowers and vegetables."* This little grey stone cottage still stands in the village of Friockheim, still surrounded with its attractive garden, and still pridefully maintained in traditional Scots cleanliness and order by its present owners. James spent three days with his relatives in Friockheim, and took every opportunity to preach the Gospel to them, but although they gave him a respectful hearing, they did not respond.

So back to Glasgow he went, and during the month of June we find him preaching to the people in that area, and visiting Rutherglen and Friockheim several times more. At length, on July 10, he took the train via Aberdeen for Thurso, northernmost point on the mainland of Scotland. In this area and in the Orkney Islands north of Scotland he was to spend the next two months preaching the Gospel, and we find him ferrying frequently from the Islands to the mainland, from Thurso to Scrabster to Stromness and back again, walking his boots into holes and dining frequently on only crackers and cheese. And here again, the Scots people gave him their hospitality, and heard him out respectfully, but few heeded his message. It was discouraging going for this man who had sacrificed so much to make this trip to bear the word of the Lord to his native land. He wrote home to his family faithfully every other week, and told of his doings, but with typical Scots reticence, kept any feelings of discouragement to himself.

On September 28, 1880, he left the Orkney Islands and returned to Dundee. At this time, he was appointed to preside over the Dundee Conference, with responsibility for all the missionary effort in the Conference. It was a busy time for Elder Finlayson, as he took buses, trains, or more often walked, sometimes twelve miles in a day, to check on the progress of the various missionaries, to see to the needs and desires of the Saints in the tiny branches of the Church, and to preach the Gospel both to members and non-members. His boots wore thin with discouraging regularity, and needed repair more often than he wished. The Christmas season arrived, and he took time to buy presents for his children, to have six photographs made, and to send his beloved Sarah Clifford twelve yards of brown dress. He and other missionaries at the Conference House at Dundee celebrated the coming of the year 1881 quietly with oranges and nuts, and then they went

* Quote from James Finlayson's diary.

back to their work.

On March 28, 1881, James Finlayson was transferred to Glasgow and appointed by President Carrington of the British Mission to preside over the Glasgow Conference. Here he continued through July, 1881, working quietly and efficiently with the problems of the missionaries and of the church members in that area, and preaching day after day of the truths of the Gospel. In August, he was told that he was to take charge of a company of emigrating Saints from Great Britain and Scandinavia, that would leave Liverpool on September 3. He was given leave to spend the week of August 9th through the 15th in Edinburgh at the Registry Office, to obtain the genealogy of his family. He gathered about 280 names, which he and his family personally did temple work for when he returned to Utah, principally in the Manti Temple.

And then he returned to Glasgow, where he was caught up in the multitudinous details of planning, collecting money "on account" for the various Saints who wanted to emigrate with the September group, keeping track of the fact that one Sister had yet to provide herself with the required mattress, cup, tin plate, tin wash basin, and bottle for the trip, another Sister needed a mattress and tin plate, and one Brother was yet without "one wash bowl, one cham. slop pail, one mattress." It seemed that they all came to Elder Finlayson, no matter how trivial the problem, and dumped their burdens on his broad shoulders.

At last the great day arrived, and on September 2, he took his little flock from Glasgow, some twenty - odd souls, to join the other British and Scandinavian Saints who were then gathering in Liverpool for the voyage to America. He left his charges with the rest of the group, and went to the Office to get the tickets for all the passengers. Then he took baggage and passengers — some 325 at this point — to the tender, which took them to their ship, the SS Wyoming. What an undertaking it was, to shepherd these inexperienced and bewildered travelers, some of whom knew no English, to sort their baggage and make certain that none of it was lost, and to organize them and assign berths to them — a task that was not lightened by the discovery that there were not enough berths on the ship for everyone! After the ship got underway, the passengers fell to and built berths, and in two days, everyone was properly taken care of.

In the meantime, Elder Finlayson was trying to hold meetings to instruct the emigrants in procedures, and finding his efforts largely unsuccessful, due to seasickness among the passengers. Even he admitted to having been "a little sick myself today." But all this passed at length, and he and his assistant, Brother

Urie, succeeded in collecting all the tickets from their charges, and found that they were 645 in number, out of a total of 1,000 passengers aboard the ship.

They sailed into New York Harbor during the night of September 12, 1881, and on Tuesday, September 13, bright and early, were ready to dock and proceed through customs. James Finlayson had brought his group safely to the New World, but his responsibility did not end until he had seen them across the United States to Utah and Zion. The trip this time was not the arduous one that it had been the first time he crossed the plains to Salt Lake City. The railroad now spanned the continent, and he purchased railroad tickets for his group, seeing them onto the cars as soon as possible after they had cleared customs.

The trip passed without incident almost to the end, but for one laconic note dated Wednesday, September 21, the date of their arrival in Salt Lake City, in which James Finlayson states that "Sarah Brookhall died Sept. 20 at 11 P.M. on the cars near Granger . . ."

"And should we die, before our journey's through . . ." So near, and yet so far.

And James Finlayson was released from his mission, September 21, 1881, and free to return to his family in Payson.

CHAPTER X

LATER YEARS IN PAYSON

James Finlayson had been away from home for eighteen months, but the people of Payson had not forgotten him. In 1880, the Payson Cooperative Institution had purchased Charles Hancock's grist mill in the south part of town. They built a large flour mill on the site, and in September, 1881, when Mr. Finlayson returned home, they offered him the superintendency of the new mill, which was now ready to begin operation. A little later, he purchased the mill, which he continued to run until his retirement some years later. He continued, also, in a small way, to work in carpentry and furniture making, but did not set up a shop again, as he had sold many of his tools in order to finance his mission.

A new member was added to the family the next year. Mary Rosetta Finlayson was born on June 15, 1882. However, she lived only a few short months, dying on October 24, 1882, and was laid to rest in a tiny grave beside the two little girls that had died earlier.

That same summer saw the marriage of James Finlayson's oldest son, Frederick, to Josephine Hickman in the Logan Temple. The young couple came back to live in Payson, and here their eight children were born.

Although Fred Finlayson may have

established a home for himself, his father still considered himself the patriarch of the family, and when his first grandchild was born on June 8, 1883, he marched promptly over to view the newcomer. "I've come to name my granddaughter," he announced to the astonished mother. "Her name will be Ada Lisle Finlayson."

Ada Lisle, now Mrs. Lisle Graham had many a chuckle over this tale when her mother told her about it in later life. She told me that she thought her grandfather had chosen well for her, as she had always liked her name, but her mother saw to it that she and her father did the choosing for the rest of their family.

James Finlayson had resigned his unpaid position as alderman when he left for his mission in 1880. But shortly after he returned home, he was called again to civic duty, and elected Mayor of Payson, a position which he held without accepting any salary for his work for two terms, until 1887. Under his administration, Payson grew and prospered; a new school (Central School) was built and readied for occupation January 5, 1885, with A. C. Smyth and C. W. Wright as teachers. Finlayson also interested himself in the Payson Public Library, which had been established a few years previous to this, and he frequently gave books to it.

Two more children were born to James and Sarah Finlayson while he was mayor. William John Finlayson was born November 25, 1883, and Jesse David Finlayson arrived December 24, 1885. Six children, including mother Sarah's daughter Emma by her first husband, made up the family still at home, ranging in age from sixteen down to baby Jesse.

By 1890, three more children had been born, to live a short time and die, and six little graves were in the Finlayson plot in the Payson cemetery. It was a sad and discouraging time for the Finlayson family, as they saw Harvey Leo, a sickly baby from birth, die of heart trouble a short month after his birth in 1888, and then the next year, twins, a boy and a girl, taken almost as quickly. Alice remembers her father making the tiny caskets for his babies, lining them with cotton and cloth and trimming them with lace before he gently laid the little bodies in them and closed the lids.

The year 1890 was a year of progress for Payson. Telephones were installed for the first time that year, and on Christmas Eve, 1890, the first electric street lights were turned on. We can imagine the excitement that this event must have caused in Payson, to discard the flickering, dull kerosene street lights that had to be lit by hand each night and blown out again in the morning, and how brilliant these first electric lamps must have appeared in contrast. James Finlayson had a personal interest in this innovation, a

his second son, George Finlayson, was one of the four original owners of the first Payson Electric Light and Power Company. George, like his father, was mechanically minded, and no doubt he shared his plans for the building of the first electric dynamo with his father. The electric plant was installed in the Finlayson flour mill, in order to take advantage of the water power. The new electric lights operated from six P.M. until midnight each night. The electric plant, one of the first in the state of Utah, remained in James Finlayson's mill until February 24, 1892, when the city of Payson bought the plant and moved it to a brick building just off Main Street.

James Finlayson was still to add two more children to his family. Maggie Finlayson was born January 23, 1891, and Roxey Eliza Finlayson was born October 21, 1892. He had seventeen children in all, five by his second wife, Mary Ada and twelve by his third wife, Sarah Clifford. Of these children, eleven lived to adulthood, with nine of them marrying and raising families of their own. Surely his patriarchal blessing was fulfilled in which he was told that he should be blessed with a numerous posterity, and that his sons should "become mighty men before the Lord."

CHAPTER XI

FINAL YEARS:

JAMES FINLAYSON, FAMILY MAN

James Finlayson was sixty-two years old when his last child was born. His children have shared many memories of life with their parents with me; the recollections of his daughter Maggie Finlayson Tolman have been particularly helpful in portraying James Finlayson's later life.

James Finlayson was a tall man, about six feet two inches in height, with a grave dignity about him that to those who did not know him well seemed cold and aloof. He was reserved, taciturn, and blunt in his way of speaking; he did not express feelings of affection easily, and most people outside his immediate family thought him stern and distant. Yet to those who penetrated this outer shell, he was a warm and constant friend and a wise adviser. For some years he was a Stake Missionary in the area around Payson, and after his death, his missionary companion, John Tanner, confessed that when he was first assigned to work with Brother Finlayson, he dreaded riding with him, as he seemed so cold and hard to get acquainted with. Later, he learned that James Finlayson was a kind and interesting person to talk to.

He had other good friends: Charles

Brewerton, John Lant, and James Finlayson lived close to each other in town and got together often to chat and visit. Interestingly enough, the three friends died within three months of each other: Brother Brewerton died in October, Brother Lant in November, and James Finlayson in December, 1908.

To members of his own family, he presented quite another face from that which casual acquaintances knew. He expected, and received respectful obedience from his children, but in return he was both fair and kind to them. The children enjoyed working with their father, and he made an effort to spend time with them, both boys and girls. Alice and Laura, the oldest children in his second family, remember helping him at the mill; they delivered a hot lunch to him each day at noon so he would not have to walk the long distance home. They also were assigned to keep the mill flume clear of leaves so that the water could run freely through it.

Before his younger daughter, Maggie, was old enough to have many memories of her father, he had retired from his work at the mill, turning it over to a Mr. Southworth. Maggie remembers him as a farmer, working the acres which he owned in Payson. We sense the delight that Father Finlayson took particularly in the youngest of his children, taking little Maggie about with him as he and older brothers Jesse and Will hauled hay, worked in the garden, or tended the animals on their farm. Later, when the two boys had married and gone elsewhere, James Finlayson leased the farm, keeping only a few acres for hay.

Maggie, older now, helped more with the haying, and learned to harness and hitch the horse, Dick, to the buggy so that she would be able to drive him on errands, and then, when she came home, learned to get him out of harness and put the harness away neatly enough to satisfy her meticulous father. James Finlayson was fastidious almost to a fault; when he was through with a tool, he never laid it down carelessly, but instead, he put it carefully away in its proper place, and he expected others to do likewise. He was immaculate about his own person as well; he always wore old overalls over his clean clothes, and these overalls he would remove before he came into the house.

James and Sarah Clifford Finlayson enjoyed thirty-five years of married happiness together before his death in 1908. His children remember the respect and affection with which he always treated their mother, and she returned the same to her husband. Sarah Clifford was a sweet, gentle lady, more outgoing and responsive than her husband, and she seems to have been universally loved by those fortunate enough to know her. She

was a hard worker, making sausage and salting down pork shoulders and hams in the fall, and drying corn and putting away other foods for the winter. She canned hundreds of quarts of fruit each summer, and also made jam and jelly in quart and gallon jars for her large family. Sarah Clifford planted the first raspberry bushes in Payson, and these were the pride of the Finlayson household, most carefully tended and cultivated.

The Finlaysons took part in many of the activities of the town. Sarah served on a committee to help with the laying out of the dead which was appointed for the Second Ward of Payson. Both Sarah and James Finlayson worked on the Old Folks Committee, and helped sponsor dances in the upper floor of the City Hall to raise funds to buy dishes for the Old Folks' dinners.

After a few years, Mr. Southworth, the man to whom James Finlayson had leased his flour mill, gave up the operation of the mill, and it was leased to a Mr. Robinson. On November 5, 1901, the mill burned. It was only partially covered by insurance, and the loss of the mill was a real tragedy both to the Finlaysons and to the town of Payson, as it was the town's only grist mill. Payson got along without a mill until 1909, when Thomas Tolhurst built another one which is still standing on the same site.

Tragedy struck the Finlayson family again in 1903. George Finlayson, James Finlayson's second oldest son, was killed November 7, 1903, in an industrial accident in the sugar factory in Logan, Utah, where he worked. He left four children, the youngest less than two months old. Sorrowing, James and Sarah Clifford Finlayson made the journey to Logan, and stayed until after the funeral.

The next year, in 1904, the Payson Tabernacle which James Finlayson had designed and helped to build burned. Maggie Finlayson Tolman tells of the incident as she recalls it: "One Saturday noon, just after Father had come home from Stake Priesthood meeting, held at the Tabernacle one block east of his house, the fire bell rang, and we soon learned that the Tabernacle was on fire. Father picked up a bucket and went to help put out the fire. In those days in Payson, men dipped water with a bucket out of the creek or a little ditch at the side of the road, and passed the buckets hand over hand to put out fires. When Father reached the Tabernacle, they knew they could not save it, so seats, etc. were carried out, and the building burned. Father worked on the new Tabernacle erected on the same spot a few years later. It is still standing."

1904 continued, a year of heartache and sadness for the Finlaysons. James Henry Finlayson, the oldest son in James Finlayson's second family, had married

Eva May Taylor. Their first son, Cleo, was born March 7, 1904. When the baby was only seven months old, his mother contracted typhoid fever and died, on September 21. Then on November 2, James Henry Finlayson followed his wife in death, stricken also by typhoid. What was to become of the orphaned baby? Again, as he had done so long ago with Jane Malcolm Wand's orphaned grandson Thomas, James Finlayson opened his heart and his home to little Cleo, and he and Sarah, despite their age, adopted him and took him into their home to raise with the rest of their children.

The few remaining years of James Finlayson's life were filled with activity. He continued to work with his vegetable garden, and also cultivated large and beautiful dahlia beds about his house. He was named a director of the Payson Exchange Savings Bank, and this position he held at the time of his death.

He was always interested in learning and education, both formal and informal. He wanted each of his children to have as much education as they wished, and those who wanted to go to college, he found a way to send. Will and Laura went to the University of Utah, and in September of 1908, it was Maggie's turn to go away to school, to the Brigham Young University, in Provo.

It was December, 1908, and the students at the "Y" had caught the excitement of the Christmas season, and were starting to be anxious to get home. Maggie had a telephone call from her mother. Father was ill, and would Maggie come home. Maggie hurried home that weekend, and Will came down from Salt Lake City. Her father was, indeed, ill, with a very bad cold, and Maggie, remembering how her father's best friend, Brother Brewerton, had died just two months before of pneumonia, felt a clutch of fear at her heart.

The weekend was over, and classes at the "Y" were in session again. Father was no better, but neither was he alarmingly worse. The bank where Will worked in Salt Lake City called, and Will had to return to work. "You'd better go back to school, too, Maggie," said her mother firmly. "I'll call you if Pa gets worse." So on Tuesday, Maggie returned to Provo.

As soon as she could, on Friday, Maggie came home again. Her father was much worse; the cold had turned into pneumonia. Fred came down from Provo, and Will returned from Salt Lake City to be with his father. The doctor did what he could, but despite all their prayers and efforts, the next day, Saturday, December 19, at 3:30 in the afternoon, James Finlayson died.

There were no mortuaries in those days, so James Finlayson's body lay at rest in its casket in the best parlor at home until a little before 1 P.M. on Monday, when the horse drawn hearse came

for the casket to bear it to the Payson Tabernacle for the funeral. Fred and Frank, James Finlayson's oldest living sons, walked with their much loved step-mother, Sarah Clifford, and the rest of the family and friends walked behind them to the Tabernacle in the bitter December cold.

At the funeral, the choir sang an old family favorite which had been used only five years before this at George Finlayson's funeral, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and the beautiful hymn, "Oh, my Father." Leslie Hickman, Fred's brother-in-law, and a fine singer, sang "Hold Thou My Hand, Dear Lord."

And thus James Finlayson came to the end of his career on earth, and was gathered home. His was a long life, and, more important, one which was filled with significant activity. His lifetime spanned the first great beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. He witnessed the coming of the railroad, and the development of the use of steam for power. This was probably one of the most significant events of his lifetime, and the one which most helped to shape the age in which he lived. He never saw an airplane, and most probably never saw an automobile. The practical use of electricity as something more than an interesting toy was only beginning in his old age. Yet when we pause to think of the many facets of this man's career, we marvel. He had only a few short years of formal education, yet his journals show him to be an extremely literate man, with a fine command of English grammar and spelling, and beautiful handwriting. He was a first class millwright (which we would call today a machinist or mechanical engineer) by trade. He also was an architect and a contractor, designing and building the Payson City Hall and Tabernacle. He was a fine furniture maker; some of his pieces are still in existence. He was a public servant, serving for many years as a member of the Payson School Board, Alderman and Justice of the Peace, and later, as Mayor of Payson, and all of this without salary. He was a missionary, called without advance notice when he was fifty years of age and father of a family of six young children still at home. He was a genealogist, the first of his family to gather the names of his ancestors, and for most of the approximately 280 names which he collected from old records in Scotland, he and his family personally did the Temple work, chiefly in the Manti Temple. He was a bank director, a miller, and a farmer. And he was a family man, father of seventeen children, eleven of whom lived to maturity. James Finlayson was a tall man, a serious man, a man ever mindful of the Lord, a man ever ready to heed the call and answer, "Yea, Lord, here am I; take me." Truly we can say of him, that James Finlayson was a man of God.



Mainsbank, Kinnell Parish; James Finlayson, Sr.'s later home, and place of his death

